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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, JULY 10, 1902. NUMBER 19

SAMBO, THE FAITHFUL AND THE LOVING.

(See Page 294.)

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL WORK.

This School grew up around a "Six Years' Course in Religion" for Sunday School workers —now expanded into seven years. It has now reached the sixth year of the second time around, viz., the Growth of Christianity. This field was traversed in 1896 by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker. This year the work will be based upon stenographic reports of Mr. Jones's talks given before his Normal Class at All Souls Church, Chicago, and which he used in his Sunday School and Bible Classes during the year just closed. If the class so elect, instead of crowding the work into one week of an hour and a half sessions, it will be distributed through the five weeks, twenty-five half hours, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock, with an intermission of ten minutes before the poetry studies that will follow, shortened into one hour periods.

The Growth of Christianity.

Being the sixth years' work in the seven years' course in Religion. Stepping-stones across fourteen Christian centuries.

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Eliot.

The aim will be to give a sympathetic view of the struggles of Christianity with ignorance and wickedness from the without, and fanaticism, bigotry and priest-craft from the within, from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

Acknowledgment is made to Prof. F. A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, who furnished the first outline and list of books, also to Prof. Williston Walker, of the Yale Divinity School, and Prof. O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for additional suggestions and comment that proved valuable in the preparation.

Maps, charts, pictures and stereopticon slides will be used as freely as possible.

I. Ignatius. d. 104-117.
"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

II. Justin Martyn. d. about 163.
The casting of life into specylative systems. Gnostics, etc.

III. Origen. 185-253.
Early Christian philosophy.

IV. The Three Creeds. 325, 381, 451.
The great controversies.

V. The Emperor Julian. 331 (?)-363.
Dying Paganism at its best.

VI. Jerome. 340(?)-420.
The rise of monasticism.

VII. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
The dream of a Christian commonwealth.

VIII. St. Patrick. 396(?)-469(?).
The great missionaries—Ulfilas, Columba, Augustin, etc.

IX. St. Benedict. 480-553.
The "rule" of St. Benedict and its ideal.

X. Gregory I (The Great). 540(?)-604.
The rise of the papacy. Transition to mediaeval religion.

XI. Mohammed. 570-632.
The birth of a sister religion. Another triumph of monotheism.

XII. Charlemagne. 742-814.
Crowned Emperor 800. The founder of the "Holy Roman Empire."

XIII. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
The great English king; the father of English literature.

XIV. Hildebrand. 1020(?)-1085.
"A great politician, who knew how to use one power against another"—J. H. Crooker.

XV. Abelard. 1079-1142.
The rise of intellectual activity.

XVI. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
Abelard's antagonist. A stout Churchman who feared such a free use of reason.—Crooker.

XVII. The Legends of King Arthur.
The rise of chivalry and feudalism.

XVIII. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
A contagion of fanaticism. The permanent value of earnestness. Peter the Hermit. Children's crusades, etc.

XIX. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226.
The brother of the birds and fishes.

XX. Cathedral Building.
Examples—Strasburg and St. Davids.

XXI. Dante. 1265-1321.
Before this name the nations bow;
His words are for all of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow.
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.
—T. W. Parsons, on a bust of Dante.

XXII. Tauler. 1300(?)-1361.
"The Friends of God."

XXIII. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
The morning stars of the Reformation.

XXIV. The Black Death and Its Effects. Fourteenth Century.
Nature will not be trifled with.

XXV. Thomas a Kempis. 1380(?)-1471.
"The imitation of Christ."

XXVI. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
A study of persecution. The Waldenses.

XXVII. The University of Prague. 1438.
A study of schools. The rise of universities.

XXVIII. Columbus. 1446(?)-1506.
A new view of the world.

XXIX. Savonarola. 1452-1498.
Christianity in politics.

XXX. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
The Renaissance.

XXXI. More's Utopia. 1516.
A dream of a new social order.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902. NUMBER 19

Congress has adjourned after a laborious session. It grappled with hard problems and did much better than the preceding Congress. It took a long step in the right direction as regards the Philippines. There has been but little buncombe about undeveloped mines and exhaustless forest; but little pious cant about doing the Lord's work for the benighted, but a careful attempt to get out of a bad business. The honorable keeping of a pledge to Cuba has been clouded by the greed that, spite the President's earnest wishes, backed by some of the noblest Republican members, refused to grant to the little sister a chance to live. There was no attempt to justify the high tariff except upon the selfish argument of "get all you can and hold all you get."

The withdrawal of Mr. Lewis Nixon from the chairmanship of the Finance Committee of Tammany, New York, because he found it was not a position that an honest man could occupy, is an encouraging advance of the times. Not the least encouraging element in this transaction was the desire of Tammany itself to cover its plundering habit under the garb of respectability. It wanted an honorable man on the committee under which the other members of the committee expected more sucessfully to ply their dishonorable trade. This and other developments goes far towards releasing the democratic party from the responsibility of Tammany. It is not the outgrowth of democracy, but it is the mature fruit of bossism and corruption in politics, the methods of which are very much the same in both the great parties and the wickedest machine is the oldest; the one resting upon the longest series of successful political victories.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate gives the statistics indicating the life purposes of one class of one hundred fifty-nine graduates consisting of seventy-nine men and eighty women. Out of these one hundred fifty-nine graduates, twenty men and fifty-eight women, or almost one-half the class, are planning to teach; eighteen men are looking to medicine; fifteen men and one woman to law; four men are fitting themselves for journalism; one woman for art; one man for architecture; one engineer; two men and twelve women are undecided; twelve men are for business and only two men for the ministry. The same article names twelve of the leading college presidents of America, with Harvard, Yale and Princeton at the head, who are now laymen, occupying the position which until recent date was considered exclusively the function of a minister. Truly there is something the matter with ministers or with the world. There is no academic question in America today so important, demanding so much initiating and sheltering so much complacent inertia, as that which gathers around its theological schools.

No lover of peace and believer in the possibility of a federated world can look with other than profound regret upon the great expenditure of our government on naval affairs. Numerous appropriations were made by the last congress for the building of new ships, and eight million dollars have been appropriated alone for new buildings for the accommodation of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, according to plans designed by Architect Flagg, of New York. The main argument used in favor of these great outlays is that they make for peace. This is based on the assumption that the war dogs of the nation can be held in leash only by terror. For this purpose these splendid floating fortresses are designed for destruction and these picked young men of the nation are trained for killing in order that the one may rust out in salt water and the other live the lives of elegant indolence off shore. It is a sad use of high material, or rather, studied uselessness for useful stuff.

The World's Work for July contains much wise comment upon current topics of permanent interest. It republishes President Roosevelt's Memorial Day address and Senator Hoar's famous speech before the Senate of May 22, because they represent in the main the best statement of the Philippine argument *pro* and *con*. The debate it thinks will be narrowed down into the next congressional campaign to this question: "Shall we or shall we not make the Filipinos such a definite promise as we made the Cubans?" As regards Cuba it says: "We shall not have done our duty to the new republic until we have made its economic chances of life better by opening our markets to its principal products." In commenting upon General Wood's great achievement in Cuba it says: "When the island was turned over to the new government and General Wood steamed out of Havana he left behind him one of the most gratifying pieces of completed public work that can be found in the annals of government."

That was turning the tables with a vengeance on the race aristocrats of the south when a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, deservedly the greatest name of the ill-fated confederacy, was fined five dollars before a Richmond court because she insisted on riding in a "Jim-Crow car," a car set apart exclusively by law for the negroes. The negroes did not object to the intrusion; Miss Lee found herself more comfortable with her impedimenta, but the proprieties of Virginia were shocked and she paid her five dollars fine. We do not know whether Miss Lee is a member of a women's club or not, but evidently she missed the wis-

dom (?) of the National Federation. Had she followed their example she would have moved out—not for the negroes' sake, nor for her own sake, but that she might save her influence over the high-stepping dames of Virginia. But influence is a curious thing; unlike water, it often flows up hill, and maybe Miss Lee is a greater potency in Virginia life today because she made herself unpopular over so little a thing as a "Jim-Crow car."

Our English friends are apparently much more disposed to a rational estimate of the words "socialism" and "socialist" than are we here in the United States. Mr. Boyle, our Consul at Liverpool, has recently made a report to his government of great significance on municipal activities in England. These are some of the interesting facts offered as compiled in *The World's Work* for June:

Nine hundred and thirty-one British municipalities own their waterworks; 99 their street railways; 181 supply electricity, and 240 conduct gas works—so many, indeed, that about half the gas users in England consume municipal gas. In the United States, out of the 1,500 cities and towns of over 3,000 population, only 750 own their waterworks; 200 own electric lighting plants and 20 their gas works. To emphasize the discrepancy, Great Britain, in addition to owning the telegraph and planning to absorb the telephone lines, has municipalities that have shops and houses to rent, a municipal auditorium where theatrical and musical entertainments are given, a municipal rabbit warren, an oyster fishery, a sterilized milk establishment, a crematory, race courses, a hotel and a flagstone factory, all conducted by cities. The city of Liverpool controls utilities of more sweeping importance, however, than these. The docks are managed, not as in Bristol, where the city purchased them outright at a cost of between ten million and fifteen million dollars, but by a public trust, composed in the main of those who pay dock dues, which devotes all profits to improvements. In this way the net earnings of the docks accrue to the city's advantage—a system which London is likely to adopt.

Liverpool owns the waterworks (one of the best systems in the world); it operates the street cars; it supplies the electric light and power; it has one of the largest and best public bath systems anywhere and proposes to erect the finest Turkish bath in Europe; it provides public laundries for the poor districts; it furnishes flowers and plants for the windows in the slums; it sells sterilized humanized milk for the children of the poor at cost price; it has a salaried organist to play its famous municipal organ; it gives municipal lectures—and all these in addition to the usual undertakings of municipalities, such as parks with concerts, technical schools, etc. But the greatest socialistic undertaking by the Liverpool municipality is that of providing dwellings for the very poor, the dispossessed tenants of demolished insanitary dwellings of the slums.

"Another year of happy work which better is than play."

So sings the poet; so believes the editor, but still the "year of happy work" makes the playtime very welcome; at least there is a gracious homecoming feeling that broods over the editorial heart when after ten months' absence he lands again at Tower Hill. Tower Hill is resplendent this year. The abundant rains have clothed it in luxurious foliage and abundant grass. The white clover mats the hillside where in the old days of its desolation and humiliation flourished the sand burr. The trees that from year to year have been planted to reinforce nature's gracious shades are growing umbrageous; the garden is abundant; the creche of five hundred seedling trees, growing for the future glory and comfort of the Hill at a time when the planter's hand will be lowly laid, is full of infant promise. Tower Hill rejoices in a renovated and enlarged dining room and one new cottage, "the best yet," so they say, under the great pine tree, the grandmother of all the pines, built by Prof. T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of the Hartford public schools. Twenty-four hours after arrival the editor is in his familiar environments and as much at home, with the work as near at hand, as when he vacated ten months ago. Each homecoming misses many of the familiar friends of the years before. To such lovers of Tower Hill in the past we send our salutation and sunset greetings. We miss all of you, but conspicuous this year is the vacancy caused by the absence of the faithful editorial right hand who after nearly twelve years of service as amanuensis of the Congress, official stenographer of Religion and treasurer of the Unity Publishing Company, has ceased to be Miss Minnie Burroughs and is now Mrs. Herbert Turner. To her, in her far off Pennsylvania home, Tower Hill sends salutation. And not one of the old friends will resent the tender mention in this connection of the faithful, loving and loyal "Sambo," the humanized dog who for some seven years enjoyed the fellowship of the Hill and contributed so much to it. His fellow-citizen to whom he gave and from whom he received such cordial companionship, Miss Kirkland, of Leaf-Ring, tells something of Sambo's story and more of his spirit in this week's issue, and the portrait of our great hearted little brother on four legs appears as frontispiece of this issue. He lived out his full little life, made a contribution that will not cease, then laid down his trusting head and slept the sleep that knows no waking. A few lives will be more tender because he has lived, and the spiritual investment of Tower Hill is a little more gracious, a little holier to some of us, because of the love of and for Sambo.

But new friends are coming and fresh delights and high companionships await us, and we cheerfully turn to the future in response with the call of the wood thrush, the mourning dove and the whip-poor-will in our ears.

The Day before the "Fourth."

Thirty miles on horseback on the margin of the charming lake region of Wisconsin has been the lot of the senior editor this day before the "Fourth." And though the roads were "pasty" from the heavy rains, prohibiting the fraternal exchange with my good horse "Roos" in the shape of the occasional stretches afoot, the ride has been a fertile one.

A Sunday calm has brooded over this countryside. With the exception of the morning processions of milk wagons on their way to and from the creameries that constitute the main agricultural interest in this part of Wisconsin, and an occasional buggy driven by a woman the road has been deserted. The woman had beeen to the "station" on a belated shopping excursion to get the last things necessary for the "Fourth." It was easy to make an invoice of these last needs by the use of the historic imagination. Lemons, firecrackers, a few small flags, a smart hat for the daughter, new shoes for the baby, some bright string neckties for the boys, some collars and a handkerchief for the old

man, and, if the egg money held out, perhaps a parasol for herself.

All the men and boys and many of the women were in the field trying to snatch the down hay into the capacious barns between the showers. Indoors there was great cooking. I heard more than one chicken sing her "swan song" on the way to the picnic *via* the kitchen. The most touching sight of the day was of three very small girls with a big broom and a pail of water, trying to wash off the very muddy, springless and rickety "little wagon" that was to take them to Watertown, twelve miles off, for the "Fourth." There was to be a picnic in the grove a mile away, but their father had promised to take them to Watertown if they would wash off the wagon.

The roadsides have been radiant today with colored posters setting forth the fact that there would be at least three different "most glorious celebrations in Southern Wisconsin" held in three different towns not more than fifteen miles apart.

There is something splendid in the fretting expectations of the "third" of July in the country. How the boys have studied the details of the posters. How the young men have counted their money and planned to fit their best girls into their resources. How the girls have waited *im*-patiently for the invitation from the young men to take them in single or double rigs, as they could afford.

The older people have balanced the powers of the "orators of the day," and they will go to where they will "hear something worth while." Let us hope that they will.

At the "station," where I took dinner, my informant said they were a little "shy" on speakers, but they were great on races—potato, sack, fat men, women and children's races, etc. With prizes for winners in all of them "the committee thought," he said, "that it was a waste of money to pay for speaking." Young folks wanted fun on the "Fourth." This was a "wide open town." The saloons were numerous and already in gay colors, and business was already lively. I ought to know, for I had to get my dinner in one of them. "We are all working for the saloon keepers. They will have all the money when the night comes," said the intelligent harness maker, who was busy "decorating" the front of his store.

Alas, how true this will be of hundreds of Wisconsin villages tomorrow. In the forenoon all will be beautiful and inspiring; in the afternoon it will be noisy and disgusting; in the evening it will be profane and dangerous. The beer barrels will be empty and the celebrants will be "full."

In the town in which I write, where I spend the night, it is different and the boy who was bringing home the cows said they were going to have "the smartest man in Milwaukee," he guessed, for a speaker. His name, he believed, was Kelley. Has the day of the "Fourth of July orator" gone by? Is there now no demand for aught but "for fun" by country boys and girls? They have learned from their city friends how to dance the lanciers, how to dress *a la mode*, and perhaps to play on the piano, but have they forgotten to sing hymns, to pray and to believe in the Fourth of July oration? If so, it is not well.

But the Fourth is already on by 9 p. m. of the third. There will be little sleep tonight. If Roos and I can find a back street that will lead through green fields where the noisy firecracker is not heard, we will have a quiet "Fourth," as we go traveling on towards Tower Hill.

J. Ll. J.

A University of Business.

We observe with interest that a Faculty of Commerce has been created in the University of Birmingham, England, which is expected to begin work at the opening of the coming university year. The object of this new department is "the education of those who will ultimately guide the business activity of the country." A three years' course, designed to confer the degree of Bachelor of Commerce, has been drawn up, and includes the study of languages, history, applied science, business technique, the subject of commerce itself, and accounting. The result of the experiment is eagerly looked forward to by those interested in England, and will be regarded with some degree of complacent satisfaction by ourselves, since a similar department has already been established, and is in operation, at the New York University in this city. The New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance has been in existence for two years under the direct supervision of Mr. Charles Waldo Haskins, to whose energy and initiative it owes its existence. It was described at some length in *Harper's Weekly* a year or two ago. We understand that the work in this school has already shown excellent results, and that a recognition which was merely the particular interest with which it was received by the trustees of the university has gradually become general. It has been evident to those who have studied the subject that the advantages of a mere apprenticeship were no longer adequate to the demands of the constantly broadening commercial horizon of the country, and that the private-school system of instruction, viewed from the standpoint of the practical needs of the young business beginner, was totally inadequate. The formulation of a definitely prescribed course of study was therefore undertaken, with the result that within a few years it is expected that the business school will become as recognizable a factor of the university equipment as are the various professional schools of law, medicine, theology, architecture and engineering.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Garden Song.

Again the sunlight's golden sea
  Floods all the summer world,
And comes the fleet of Bird and Bee
  With shining sails unfurled.

They make in for my garden-close,
  A harbor safe is there,
With many wharves of fragrant rose
  And piers of plum and pear.

Sweet is the port of fruits and blooms;
  Here shall they gather store
Of honey, spices and perfumes
  That grow along the shore.

And, master of the harbor, I
  Give welcome to this throng
Of mariners who come to buy
  My wares and pay in song.

—*Exchange.*

The House of the Trees.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls;
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

Died in Chicago, March, 1902.

SAMBO, Esquimo dog, for seven years the humble friend and devoted follower of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, his family and friends.

Yes, Sam is gone, and for those whom he loved and who loved him a little light has gone out of the world with his departure. Is it beneath the dignity of print to remember him in UNITY? Nay. He was brave, affectionate, faithful and absolutely loyal, and these qualities are worthy of commemoration, whether they walk on two feet or on four.

Black, with white breast and a banner-like tail, that curled tight over his broad back, he exhaled vigor and dog serenity with every breath during his years of health, and his beautiful hazel eyes looked out affectionately at a world with which he seemed perfectly satisfied. An aristocrat of the aristocrats, he would eat nothing soiled, nothing thrown at him. It must be presented with a due sense of the dignity of giver and receiver, or he would none of it. As proof of pure descent, he had the ice-spurs, or extra claws, on his hind feet, which are supposed to act as brakes on the perilous slopes of his arctic fatherland, but which, sooth to say, embarrassed poor Sam in these temperate regions not a little, tangling themselves in twines and Turkish rugs till their owner was as badly off as a modern man who wears a sword and spurs in a crowded ball room. However, they brought him attention, and who does not love attention?

As with all persons of true dignity, however, Sam's bodily attractions pale before those of his mind. Oh, the long, long thoughtedness of that dog! One of his friends declares that he laid his plans three weeks beforehand and always carried them out. For this I cannot vouch.

But this I can say. He might have seemed fast asleep or only engaged in catching flies but a moment before, when suddenly he would rise, shake himself and trot off firmly in a given direction with an evident purpose—whether such purpose involved the discomfiture of the camp cook by a process of abstraction, the forcible invasion of his master's study, or the vociferous guardianship of a distant cottage on the border of (Tower Hill) civilization, where dwelt a single lady of whose safety Sam was a self-constituted protector as long as he lived.

Like other prosperous gentlemen, Sam passed his summers in the country and his winters in the city, where his acquaintance with butchers' shops, in which luscious tid-bits were to be found, may be safely asserted to have been much more exhaustive than his master's. "All Souls dog," as the neighborhood gamins affectionately dubbed him, had a tail-wagging acquaintance with every boy within several blocks of the parsonage, but they took no liberties with him—his lordly bearing (and teeth) forbade it.

Our hero seemed always loaded with business and responsibility, but to one engagement he was as constant as any fashionable lady. This was his Tuesday "At Homes," when he met with the ladies of the church, who sewed and incidentally plied him with fresh doughnuts and other congregational dainties till the wonder was that even his capacious "bar'l" could carry all he absorbed; but even at the end of lunch he was still gracious and receptive.

Saturday was sermon-preparation day, when the pastor was usually shut up for several hours in a remote study, far from the madding crowd. Of these times of retreat Sam kept accurate count and always posted himself at the door at the appointed time, prepared to overlook and particularly overhear the weekly function.

But if Sam was faithful to his ideals in the city he was in his glory in the country, where every faculty of doghood finds joyous exercise. Oh, the joy of running after (not catching) birds and squirrels and rabbits! Oh, the delight of destroying an occasional snake and being patted and praised for it! Oh, the rapture of rolling in the deep grass in the sunshine. That was something like life, he thought. Then the triumph of canine finesse over merely human institutions when, after making a broad detour through the woods, he suddenly appeared with the carriage at the bridge and *had* to be taken into the bosom of the family (that is into the bottom of the buggy) for fear big Rover would chew him up before they returned. For, alas! Sam had one serious fault of which even living in a minister's family never cured him. He *would* fight, and having no sense of proportional values, preferred to engage with animals three times his size and who could easily have swallowed him.

To humans he was always gentle and generous. Babies might pull and haul him; boys might sit on him (to a moderate extent); but let him catch sight of a large and aggressive dog and he became a ruffler, a roysterer as cock-a-hoopy as those gallants who strut through Carpaccio's pictures with one pink stocking and one yellow one—the very Mercutio or Don Cesar de Bazan of canines. No St. Bernard was too big—no Great Dane too appalling—like the Celtic ancestors of his master as immortalized by their bards.

He always fought, and he (generally) fell. So there was no alternative for his human companions but to avoid the roads near which big dogs lived, or, like the Greek gods, when their heroes were getting the worst of it, to snatch the little champion from the fray after it began and then nurse chewed ears and lacerated legs for several weeks afterward.

But these slight inconveniences were more than counterbalanced by the honor of having Sam's friendship—he was so jolly and companionable! If his tendency to go to sleep in the hall in church time and then rouse himself with a dreadful howl at some peculiarly sacred moment and dash through the ill-guarded door to bark bloody murder was regrettable. It was im-

possible not to exult at his smartness in evading the weekly tie-up which was intended to checkmate these irregularities. At church time usually Sam was not to be found; or, if traceable, a darker blot might be discerned in the deep shadows under one of the cottages, from which shone out two opaline sparks with an expression of "Don't you wish you could catch me?" And no blandishment—no "Come, Sam; good doggie, nice boy—here Sam!" ever deceived that astute and experienced fugitive. There he would lie during hymn, prayer and sermon; but at the first sound of the benediction he was out and walking about without the slightest fear of incarceration. He must have perceived a difference in the accent of the clergyman, but it was very funny.

Another restriction that he resented was being taken to bed at dark, though his couch was a nice blanket on the lounge in his master's room. So when that long-suffering guardian of the peace of Tower Hill would appear through the trees with his lantern, ready to "corral" Sam and so prevent the dog concerts in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," though the dog might have been barking and gamboling at our feet a moment before, an instant dearth of Sam was experienced. Dead silence—appalling canine vacancy. The earth might have swallowed him, and no whistle, no blandishment, no authoritative order availed to evoke him from the vasty deep. At last Mr. Jones would give it up and go off; instantly Sam was among us again, cheerful, imperturbable and apparently as "bland, passionate and deeply religious" as Lady Mary O'Leary. When he came back he did not say "Wasn't I cute?" but he exhaled it from every hair of his naughty, pretty little black body. When he got ready, somewhere toward midnight probably, he would present himself at his master's door, utter the soft and distinctive "Wuh" that was his open sesame and sleep the sleep of the just till daylight without a single qualm of conscience apparently.

David Harum says that "a mod'rate amount of fleas is good f'r a dog, 'cause they keep him fr'm broodin' on bein' a dog." Sam never had fleas that I know of—he was too well groomed; but he always seemed to me to aspire toward what he felt was the superior endowment of humans, and to resent being treated as an inferior. If one talked *at* him too steadily he would turn away with a reproachful air, as much as to say, "How mean it is of you to talk to me so long when you know I can't talk back!" So his happiest moment was when, on the return ride to the cars in the autumn he was allowed to sit on the same seat of the carriage with his master and enjoy a short equality instead of running behind like a dog.

But the best of friends must part, and, unfortunately, the term allotted by Providence to these four-footed fellow-creatures is much shorter than ours. Sam's time came last winter, when paralysis laid him low, in spite of all that science and affection could devise to prolong his happy little life. "Arrah, honey, why did ye die?" we all say now, and various replies have been hazarded. Envious owners of rival pets suggest too much ice cream and doughnuts. Sam's mistress says "nervous prostration consequent on too great social success;" the dog doctor said the second stroke brought the end when he started well on to recovery from the first, but I think he longed for "an honor unto which he was not born"—he wanted to be human like those he loved and the aspiration burst his dog envelope prematurely. Anyway, if deep affections, unswerving fidelity and perfect loyalty are deathless I please myself with dreaming that Sam's little bundle of these qualities will rejoin us somewhere and perhaps, meeting us as he used to when we went out alone at Tower Hill, help us to feel at home "over there."

C. S. K.

The Best Way.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
Ten thousand ships glad every zone.
What blows to me a favoring breeze
Might wreck another on the seas.

I leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me.

Through storm and calm He will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltering port at last. —*Exchange.*

Durga Poojah.

By far the most popular religious festival of the Hindoos is that of the Durga Poojah or Durga Worship, which is celebrated over the greater part of Bengal in the month of October, while in some provinces this celebration takes place at the time of the vernal equinox in the month of April.

Before, however, going any further in the matter, we must not allow ourselves to be harassed by the prejudice so prominent in the Western mind of "heathen idolatry," but realize the fact that the ancient practices of the older nations of the world date from a time when the entire West was in oblivion and had not as yet begun to play a part in the great drama of the world, and the language in which they were written would naturally differ from the etymology and syntax of our present time. And as long as always the expressions of the spoken word vary so much in different nations, it was necessary to give to humanity the greater truths in a manner that could be read by all alike, providing they had learnt the art of reading them; for in all cases there is a great spiritual truth expressed by the carved image, it is but for us to understand what it expresses.

Durga is a female deity and represents an aspect of the divinity and a force in nature. To her is given the greatest power, her attitude is warlike and she fears no opposition. So great is her strength that even the representatives of the trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, the Creator, the Preserver and the Destroyer, are said to have done homage to her; but her power takes the form of the saving grace, and it is no doubt owing to that fact that the highest forces bend before her. For the grace that saves is the greatest boon given to a struggling humanity and held a prominent place in the religions of the world long before the dawn of the Christian era.

At the left of Durga stands the Goddess of Wisdom, and is not there a beautiful truth concealed? The salvation of humanity cannot be effected without wisdom or the understanding of the divine law and that finds expression here. Perfect salvation attained the millennium is reached and this is expressed by the figure at her right, the Goddess of Fortune. From the mighty form of Durga ten hands stretch forth indicating her great activity which affects the whole world alike, ten being the perfect number in Hindoo mythology and in this case has reference to the ten cardinal points. The right foot is resting on a lion, the emblem of strength, who is engaged in fighting the powers of darkness, represented here by the form of a demon. In one of her left hands she holds the tail of a cobra, and about this symbol much could be written. The serpent in one aspect represents eternity, and in another—according to her ability of producing spiral movements—the cycles of evolution, which in this case no doubt is to reveal the fact that the power of salva-

tion leads from time into eternity. She is also the possessor of the "third eye," which is such a strong feature in the psychology of the Hindoos and has the power of bringing past, present and future alike into the scope of its vision.

A very striking figure in the group is that of the God Kartikeya, who, on account of his great strength, is called the General of the Gods. He is the son of Durga and is represented as being of the size of a child, and here is brought out one of the most beautiful features of Hindoo homelife, for nowhere in the world is the reverence of child toward parent stronger than in India. A man may rise to the highest in the land, yet to his mother he is always the obedient son, whose slightest wish is his law.

To the right in the group is a smaller deity in the form of a white elephant. This is the elder son of Durga, called Ganesha. The white elephant has always been to the Hindoos the symbol of strength, wisdom and purity combined, and it may easily be perceived by the thinking mind that the forthgoing of the Saving Power should be of these qualities.

The festival lasts for four days, and during all this time the worshippers come and go, bringing their offerings of grains, fruits and flowers, as well as cloth for wearing apparel. This latter is in some cases taken home after having been blessed by the priest; in others it is left for distribution among the poor.

A ceremony is performed twice a day, at which time a number of people assemble. The officiating priest, in all cases a Brahmin, holds in his hand a lamp of seven flames, which he slowly moves in circles from left to right seven times before each figure. Later the worshippers come forward and receive from the hands of the priest some flowers of a certain kind, not every flower being used for this purpose; these they throw at the feet of the Goddess while the priest chants the mantras. This act is repeated several times. At the close of the ceremony the worshippers prostrate themselves before the image; meanwhile cymbals and drums are sounded profusely and the fragrance of burning incense fills the room.

The most impressive ceremony, however, takes place on the fourth, for it is then that the ladies participate in it. To do justice to this description by pen and ink is impossible—one must understand the natural grace of a Hindoo woman in order to appreciate a scene so delicately refined, so strangely picturesque, which appears to the eye like a vision from a long-forgotten past, and fills the mind with tales hoary in the annals of time. The ladies, in numbers varying from five to nine, follow the officiating priest, who all the while pours holy water on the ground. Their flowing robes are draped gracefully around the waist and shoulders and jeweled ornaments of gold and silver decorate the wrists and ankles, while on their heads they carry baskets filled with the products of the country, such as grain, fruit, etc. Thus with measured footsteps, following the Brahmin, they slowly walk around the image seven times, with faces partially veiled and eyelids drooping, only occasionally allowing those strangely lustrous eyes to send a shy glance sideways.

This last ceremony over the whole image is carried to the Ganges and there committed to the eternal waters of this sacred river. And this, too, is not a mere act performed; it is a rite symbolical of the highest perception. Durga, they say, is then joining her husband, Shiva; for when the object of life has been accomplished, when the soul is purified and is ready to retire from conditional eixstence, then Shiva, the Destroyer, who dissolves all component parts, will do his work, and the soul merges into the ocean of pure Being and Union, where all name and form have an ending.

A. C. ALBERS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXXIX.

The Call of the Israelites for a King.

Now that the Children of Israel had a great teacher in Samuel, they began to feel more encouraged about their future in the land of Canaan. For a long while they had had no such a leader. He was known everywhere among the Israelites, and they made him a kind of judge, so that whenever they had any kind of trouble they would come to him and get him to settle it. He must have been very wise to have pleased the people in this way, and a new kind of feeling began to show itself among the Israelites. They talked more about themselves as one great family, and began to hold together more, instead of each tribe staying by itself and doing what it pleased. In this way they were showing more courage in fighting the wicked Canaanites, and began to have a little more freedom, although they were still ruled over for the most part by those people, especially by the tribe called "Philistines."

At last Samuel came to be an old man, and the people saw that before many years he would no longer be with them. And they were very much troubled over this. They were afraid that they would lose what they had gained, because they would be without a leader or a teacher. On the other hand, they noticed how all the other tribes of people around them had kings to rule over them; and somehow they thought that if they could only have a king like those other tribes, they would be much more prosperous, as they would say, and be able to throw off the yoke of the Philistines.

Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel, and they said unto him: "Behold thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways. Now make us a king to judge us like all the other nations." This troubled Samuel very much. He felt it would be so much better if only the Children of Israel would hold together like one great family, and not try to have one ruler, or governor, as was usual among the wicked Canaanites. But he talked to the Lord over All about it, and it seemed best to let the people have their way. The Great Ruler knew that they would be sorry about it in one manner, if glad about it in another. And he said to Samuel: "Hearken unto their voice; howbeit, thou shalt protest solemnly unto them, and show them what it will mean for them to have a king to reign over them."

I think it would interest you a good deal if I let you know what Samuel said to this people, and in what way he described how it would be to them if they had a king. He was of course not speaking of any special man or king, but of the habits and customs of the people who had kings to rule over them. And Samuel said to the people: "This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you; he will take your sons and appoint them unto him for his chariots and to be his horsemen; and they shall run before his chariots, and he will appoint them unto him for captains of thousands, and captains of fifties; and he will set some to plough the ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and the instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be cooks and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and

your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take your manservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and put them to his work. And ye shall cry out in that day, because of your king which ye shall have chosen."

One would suppose that this would have been enough to discourage the people from wanting to have a king. It was a dark picture, surely. It meant really making themselves slaves to one man. But few people are able to look far ahead and see the good and evil that may happen; if they want a thing very much, and they get it, they will be sure to believe that somehow or other it will come out all right, and they will not give any ear to the warnings. People permit themselves to believe almost anything they like, if they want anything very much; and that was the way at the present time with the Children of Israel. Instead of listening to Samuel or paying any attention to what he said, they acted as if they had not heard a word of it all.

They only kept on saying: "Nay, but we will have a king over us; that we may be also like all the nations, and that our king may go before us and fight our battles." You see, that was what they were thinking of, fighting. And in this they were right, for it was high time that they should do some fighting, and they ought to have done it long before. And Samuel answered them therefore: "Enough, go ye every man unto his city."

There was only one thing to be done—they must have a king, even if they had to take the consequences. Samuel knew that at least some good would come of it, because if they had a king who was brave, they might show more courage and begin to fight with the Philistines, so as to be able to get possession of the land once more.

It rested now with Samuel to find a king for the Children of Israel. This was no easy matter, because people suitable to become kings and govern in the right way, cannot be found everywhere, and Samuel knew that even the best man he could find would not be a perfect king. But he was going to try and serve the Children of Israel as well as he knew how. Then, too, he felt that the Lord over All would guide him in making the choice.

I will tell you now what took place, and in what way Samuel found a man to become king over Israel. It is quite an interesting story at the outset, and I am sure you will be glad to hear it.

Now there was a man of the tribe of Benjamin, a mighty man of valor, who had a son, and this son's name was Saul, a young man and a good man. As we are told, there was not among the Children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people. You see therefore, Saul must have been a very tall young man.

It so happened that the asses of Saul's father were lost. What was the cause of this I do not know. They may have wandered away when Saul's father was not thinking about it. But he said to his son: "Take now one of the servants with you, and arise, go seek the asses."

And Saul did as he was told, and went from one country to another, but could not find the asses. At last he thought it best to give up the search, supposing that his father would grow anxious about him. He said therefore to his servant, "Let us return, lest my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us." And the servant said to Saul: "Behold now there is in this city a seer, aad he is a man that is held in high honor; let us go thither; perhaps he can tell us concerning our journey whereon we go."

Then Saul said to his servant: "Well said; come, let us go." So they went up to the city where Samuel was. As they went up the ascent to the city they found young maidens going out to draw water, and said to them: "Is the seer here?" and they answered them and said, "He is; make haste now for he is come today into the city; as soon as ye be come into the city, ye shall straightway find him."

In the meantime, the Great Ruler had told Samuel the day before, saying: "Tomorrow about this time a man out of the tribe of Benjamin shall come to thee, and thou shalt anoint him to be the prince over Israel."

And so when Samuel met Saul the next day at once he knew that this was the man whom he was to anoint and make king over the Israelites. And as Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate he said: "Tell me, I pray thee, where is the seer's house?" And Samuel answered and said: "I am the seer; ye shall eat with me to-day; and in the morning I will let thee go, and I will tell thee all that is in thy heart. And as for thy asses that were lost three days ago, set not thy mind on them, for they are found."

All this surprised Saul very much, as he did not know what great destiny was to befall him. It puzzled him that the seer should speak to him in such a way, as if he, Saul, were a very important man. And he said to Samuel: "Am I not of the smallest of the tribes of Israel, and my family the least of all the families of the tribe; wherefore speakest thou to me after this manner?"

But Samuel took Saul and his servant and brought them to his house and gave them the chief place at the table. So Saul did eat with Samuel that day; and then they had a talk together on the housetop. This custom will interest you, for in that part of the world the houses are often very low, and in the cool of the day the people evidently go up on the tops of their houses and talk together. Just what they said, Samuel and Saul together, I do not know; but I suppose it was told to Saul how he was to be chosen king over the Israelites. The next morning Samuel called to him: "Up, that I may send ye away." And Saul arose and they went out, both of them, he and Samuel. As he was going down at the end of the city Samuel said to Saul: "Bid thy servant pass on before, but stand thou still at this time." Then Samuel took the vial of oil and poured it upon his head and kissed him and anointed him to be prince over the Children of Israel.

Saul now returned back home, learning as Samuel had told him, that the asses had been found; but he said nothing for a time about having been anointed by the seer.

After this, Samuel being now a very old man, called the people together and said to them: "Ye have said, 'Set a king over us.' Now, therefore, present yourselves by your tribes and by your thousands." The tribes of Israel came near, and then Samuel chose out the tribe of Benjamin; then the tribe of Benjamin came up closer, and Samuel chose out the family of Saul, and then Saul was looked for, but when they sought him he could not be found. It seems he must have been all in a tremble over what was coming to him, and he had gone away and hid himself. But they ran and fetched him, and when he stood among the people, he was higher than all the people, from his shoulders upward. And Samuel said to all of the people: "See ye him who hath been chosen; there is none like him among all the people." And all the people shouted and said, "Let the king live!"

And so at last they had what they had been longing for, a king; and the Children of Israel for the time being were pleased and satisfied.

To the Teacher: The veneration for Samuel might be dwelt upon in this lesson. The reason for it could be attributed to some extent to the absence of self-assertion on his part. On the other hand, indicate how reluctant people are to take any sort of good advice when it goes against their immediate wishes, as with the Children of Israel at this time. The modest character of Saul might be commented on, because it must be contrasted with the change which took place in him later on. The speech of Samuel could be recited aloud, telling what would happen if the people succeeded in having a king. Note how the people gave no reply, save just in the determined wish that a king should be selected for them.

Social Aspects—from Winter to Summer at Chicago Commons.

The varied uses and many privileges of the fine new building equipment at Chicago Commons gave a great impetus to last winter's work. No less than 3,000 attendances on sixty or more weekly occasions were registered on many weeks of the indoor season. The boys' and girls' clubs are limited to the numbers that can be properly cared for by the resident and non-resident club leaders available. Over 400 boys and 500 girls have had the privilege of the clubs, manual training classes, cooking and sewing schools, gymnasium, and other social and religious group work. Looking back over seven years of such work, we are greatly encouraged with the marked influence it is having upon the characters of the children and the spirit of their home and school life. The co-operation with the principals and teachers of the two great public schools, within a block each side of us, is most cordial and increasingly effective. Our two kindergartens, one at the new building and the other in the neighborhood of the old Commons at No. 75 Grand avenue, happily supplement the limited kindergarten accommodations at these two schools, by providing for a larger number of children than they do. It will be a great pity if we are obliged to discontinue the kindergarten in the densely crowded Italian quarter near the river, as the lack of funds ($100 per month) threatens to compel us to do. The home problem of many mothers who are obliged to work for their living is greatly eased by the beautiful ministry of the Day Nursery, sustained by the Matheon Club of young ladies, with the co-operation of Chicago Commons, under whose roof the Nursery is sheltered this summer.

These and other lines of indoor work with the children are very effectively supplemented and re-enforced through the opportunities for closer and more continuous contact, offered by the greater accessibility of the people in summer. The Seventeenth Ward is shown by the Special Parks Commission to have the largest school population of any, except the Ghetto, and, because of its entire lack of park and playground spaces, to suffer four times as great a death rate as the Seventh Ward, which has the largest park area. For the same reason the juvenile court and police records show that our own and the adjacent overcrowded Sixteenth Ward supply nearly one-fourth of all the juvenile delinquents. The increase of sixty per cent in the arrests of children during the summer is said to be due largely to the lack of play spaces. Where they are supplied the arrests fall off one-third. These stern facts obligate us to put forth every effort to provide for the outdoor life and play of the people, little and larger. So we are struggling to open a new playground opposite the Commons, the rent of which our neighbors have subscribed, but for the equipment of which with swings, see-saws and sand piles we must look to the gifts of other friends.

For the fifth summer we are opening the very successful camp for boys and girls in the Penney Meadow, two miles north of Elgin. There we take, by turns, fifty boys and girls for a fortnight's outing, affording the privilege to two hundred children during the ten weeks of camp. It costs only $3 per capita to provide both transportation and board, $1 of which is paid by the child, and the balance raised from friends. The churches and Sunday-schools of all denominations in Elgin are increasingly interesting themselves in helping to provide this expense, to contribute towards which, however, we are obliged to appeal to other friends. Very sweet are the reciprocities between country and town, suburb and city center in the offers of day picnics that are generously made and gratefully accepted, and in the hospitality of country homes toward our shut-in city people. We need fully $1,000 to provide 1,200 or 1,500 outings of all kinds.

The social, educational, political and religious co-operation of men and women fully keeps pace with the work with the children. The Chicago Commons Woman's Club and the Young Women's Progressive Club with their 250 members have become a refining, elevating, unifying, far-reaching influence, permeating the personal and home life of many more than their own membership. The Community Men's Club, after six years of sturdy struggle, have at last wielded the balance of political power in two aldermanic elections. A year ago, largely through their influence, a good Republican alderman was elected over a bad Democratic nominee by 1,300 majority, and this spring the tables were turned in the same way by nominating and electing a good Democrat over a bad Republican by over 1,800 votes. Both aldermen are members of the Club. In congratulating us over this achievement Mr. Victor F. Lawson wrote, "Such results as you have achieved are an inspiration to others to attempt like reforms in other parts of the city."

Under the strong, patient, practical pulpit and pastoral ministry of the Rev. James Mullenbach, the work of the old Tabernacle is more solid, effective and promising than for many years. As throughout the entire history of the church, the effort for the young is attended with the greatest success. The carefully graded Sunday-school, under the faithful and efficient superintendency of Prof. Edward T. Harper, of Chicago Seminary, is growing not only in the number of its scholars, but also in the quality and adequacy of the teachers whom it is raising up by normal training out of the school. "The Children's Church," to the pastorate of which the Tabernacle has appointed Henry F. Burt, a seminary student in residence at the Commons, is the most unique and spiritually fruitful of all our religious agencies. The Endeavor Society has taken on new life with the occupancy of "the Neighborhood Parlor."

The Armenians, to many of whom Chicago is a city of refuge from the slaughter of the Turks, are centering their religious and some of their national work at Chicago Commons. They hold their public worship here every Sunday afternoon, and an occasional larger rally of nearly the whole of their Dispersion in Chicago and vicinity. At their call the Rev. G. M. Manavian leaves his happy parish and home in Wisconsin to accept the sacrificial leadership of his exiled countrymen. He deserves and should have, in his heroic adventure of faith, the sympathy and financial support of American Christians.

By hard and incessant toil $56,000 have been received and paid out on our new $68,000 building. Strenuous effort is now being made to raise the $12,000 still lacking to clear the fine equipment of all encumbrance. By the terms of the ground tenure the

property can never be mortgaged and so the indebtedness is being borne by the notes on demand which only two or three men are carrying at bank. To procure means to support the work, while under the burden of the expense of building, will, if much longer continued, in the words of another, "strangle our spiritual energies by the rope of financial solicitude." In unwavering faith and unfaltering hope that He who has begun a good work, will carry it on, with us or without us, we enter upon this last stage of our long struggle to secure the $12,000 due on the building and the $6,000 to carry the work through the year—as much of it as possible this month of June.

The Commons which for seven years has been the chief medium of communication between the work of Chicago Commons and its widely scattered constituency, has come to be the accepted journal of the Settlement and other social movements. It has been adopted as the press-representative of the College Settlement Association and of the Association of Neighborhood Workers in New York City, each of which conducts departments under editors of its own appointment. The strength and variety thus added to the paper greatly increase its value to workers in social and church service. Its subscription list steadily grows, an average of 5,000 copies a month now being published. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From John Lane, of New York and London, I have received "Flowers and Gardens," by Forbes Watson. This book consists of notes on flowers and plants, and is a work to rank with the best of Downing and John Burroughs. It is a sort of cross between the two. We have a very touching preface—partly from the author's own pen—the good-bye words of his life. They illustrate the beauty of his character as well as his scientific training. He says: "The following papers have been written during a last illness, which has often made it impossible to examine the specimens I could have wished. In the primrose, for example, I have only been able to make out satisfactorily the drooping aspect of the leaf; how this combines itself with the more rigid character in the different stages of the leaf I do not fully understand. For the same reason many of the illustrations have been selected as being the most ready to hand, rather than as the best. In many instances my remarks bear more or less reference to the works of Ruskin, the greatest and best of art teachers. But where I have consciously borrowed from him I have said so. These papers are left in charge of a friend for publication." Nothing in literature is more frank than this, except passages from Darwin. They indicate the sincere and honest investigator. The book will well repay a careful reading.

Another book from the same house and of a similar character is "Stray Leaves from a Border Garden," by Mary Pamela Milne Home. It is a delightful book most delightfully illustrated. It shows the exquisite work done by the John Lane Publishing house. It is one of the books that cannot be described, because there is so much to it and in it; but it fits admirably to the present ruling passion for nature study. It is about equally well adjusted to the short story volumes, which have been so popular in New England. The contents are simply delicious, from beginning to end—a blending of keen investigation with first-class power of delineation.

I have for a long while been looking for a book exactly fitted for nature studies—to put in the hands of those people, young or old, who have caught the ruling passion of our generation. These people do not want to study entomology, ornithology, botany, etc., as sciences, yet they wish to know what they do know of all these sciences accurately and thoroughly. Now here we have the book written by Prof. Hodge, of Clark University. It is called "Nature Study and Life," and is published by Ginn & Company, of Boston. Every page is so fascinatingly told that it can be read and understood by a beginner. The illustrations are as good as I have ever seen. There are several chapters that should be classed as botany; others that consider common and garden insects; and others that discuss birds. Forestry is not overlooked, nor those miscellaneous animals which come under observation all about us. I could not describe the book without, in the mere description, taking half of UNITY. I simply clap my hands and say, now we have a book for our summer schools, for our vacation rambles and for home study. The true method of study is taught and that delightful sympathy with nature is expressed, which is the basis of all right education.

I have noted two of Mr. Lane's books which I have received and now I shall ask him to send me anything else of the same sort which he publishes, or shall publish. This publishing house has made a specialty of some very valuable summer books. Among the rest are three or four by Helen Milman about growing roses and other garden plants. These are not only useful but delightful books. Another charming companion for a leisure hour is "Seven Gardens and a Palace." A good book for dog lovers is "All About Dogs." For my part I love a collie—but I am not in love with dogs as dogs. A good ornithological study is "The Birds of My Parish." All these are in the summer list of Mr. Lane.

From Funk & Wagnalls I am in receipt of "A Vacation with Nature," by Rev. DeWitt Talmage. I am not able to say precisely why this book was published—I could suggest several why it should not have been published. Morally we are not dependent for growth on pabulum that is neither science or piety, but a hodgepodge of both. Mr. Talmage professes to translate to us the lessons of nature; they do not need translating. He says: "Nature's moral and spiritual meanings are portrayed in fascinating parables by an observer whose clew is taken from the methods of the Great Master." Unfortunately the book is by no means modeled after the parables of Jesus. It is not science; neither is it poetry. The title should read, "A Vacuum in Nature."

From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes a bright novel entitled "The Suitors of Yvonne," by Rafael Sabatini. For a novel full of brute force, fighting and plotting this is a pretty good one. The best thing about it is that things come out about right.

From Dodd, Mead & Company I have received "The Buried Temple," by Maeterlinck. I presume most of the readers of UNITY have read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee." If they have they will certainly want this new book. They will, however, find it a very different sort of book. It is one of those rare volumes which belongs to those few—but an increasing number—who desire to look beneath the surface and are not content to take the decision of creed, or statute, or custom. The author is a pupil of Emerson and his work is Emersonian in spirit, if not in conclusions. He says that a spiritual epoch is coming upon us and we must be ready for it. "In the union of mysticism

with freedom of thought and inquiry will, I am persuaded, be found the faith of the future." This sentiment he indorses as his own, although taken from another. Honest freedom cannot lead us anywhere but to the truth. Man never needs the compulsion of church or state for righteousness. Compulsion leads only to formality and falsehood. The chapters discuss "The Mystery of Justice," "The Evolution of Mystery," "The Kingdom of Matter," "The Past" and "Luck." I can only say that any one who finds pleasure in Emerson will find the same pleasure in this author. There are some questions discussed here as to the nature of morals and social obligation which are novel; but for all that they must be discussed. You will find nothing of the license taught by the physical school or the Dr. Herron school. He says, discussing the kingdom of matter: "The utilization by our intellect of every unconscious force, the gradual subjugation of matter and the search for its secret—these at present appear the most evident aim of our race. Now that the mission of the race is becoming more clearly defined the duty lies on us to leave on one side whatever is not directly helpful to the spiritual part of our being. Sterile pleasures of the body must be gradually sacrificed; in a word, all that is not in absolute harmony with a larger, more durable energy of thought. Into the Elysian fields of thought enters no satisfaction, but brings with it youth and ardor and strength; nor is there a thing in this world on which the mind thrives more readily than on the ecstasy of eagerness, comprehension and wonder. The time has come when our morality will have to conform to the probable mission of the race. For the individual, as for the race, there can be but one code of morals—the subordination of the methods of life to the demands of the general mission that appears entrusted to man. The axis will shift, therefore, of many sins, until at last for all the crimes against the body there shall be substituted the veritable crimes against human destiny." This far-reaching generalization of the changes that are going on will commend itself to close thinkers.

E. P. POWELL.

The Kingdom of God.*

Evidently the English mind is winning something of practiced ease in the reconstruction of its theology by a sound historical treatment of it. First a challenge from without stirs resistant defiance in the camp of dogma; then a few echoes of sympathy within the camp, and finally, without anyone's knowing how or when it came to pass, the meaning of the challenger is the common and accepted language of a host of men engaged in new tasks that need no entrenched defenses. It is more common now to find a general and frank appreciation of the relativity of doctrinal knowledge and expression. More and more men extricate from the mass of religious data the fundamental demand for a loving obedience to a law and an ideal revealed in the process of history and discover in that the inner permanent principle of the religion of Jesus. This result, with something still of the voice of challenge, belongs to Dr. Percy Gardner's "Historic View of the New Testament," but now the work of Principal Robertson, of honored position in the Church of England, gives a deeply studied and calmly impressive survey of the whole history of Christianity from a kindred point of view. Doubtless the author would claim a very different tone and result, but the differences in detail and expression are insignificant beside the calm, undisturbed application of a judicious historical method. It is important, too, that Dr. Robertson is engaged in a positive task and may therefore quietly take for granted some historical fluidity of religious ideas. His work helps to show the new proportions of Christianity conceived as an expression of one volitional principle through many successive phases of human apprehension. The history of Christianity is no longer to be presented simply as a history of dogma and ecclesiastical institutions, but as the history of an ideal—an ideal which determines both the conduct of the individual life and the shaping of the social whole. This ideal is that which alone binds Old and New Testament into a whole and makes them the Bible. It is the ideal which alone gives unity to historical Christianity with all its diversities of doctrine and organization and ritual. It is the ideal which conciliates the primitive ideal which alone gives unity to historic Christianity with all its diversities of doctrine and organization and ritual. It is the ideal which conciliates the primitive hope in Christ's millenial reign, the mediæval attempt to realize Christ's earthly kingdom as a Church omnipotent in the affairs of the world, and the modern view of a brotherhood of man which it is the proper function of the Church to exemplify and accomplish. This was the ideal announced by Jesus in his first proclamation by the name of the Kingdom of God.

Dr. Robertson does justice to two types of conception of this highest good, this ultimate object of desire: "It must be something we can gain, can in some degree produce—an object of work—and yet it must be something independent of our failures, above the contingencies of life and history, something we can believe in as Real and love as transcendently Good. Such an object is placed before us by our Saviour in the Kingdom of God: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.' The Kingdom of God is *above* the world and destined to outlive it, while yet it is in a true sense *in* the world as the goal of all moral and spiritual endeavor." Just this very fact of a good transcendent struggling to mix itself with life accounts for all the Christian facts of sacrifice which are not isolated but illustrated in the Passion and the Cross of Christ. "In those great facts of redemption Love challenges love and assures us that love is never failure, and that to the great treasure-house of God's love no sacrifice is intrusted in vain. *There* is the link, the underlying unity, between the kingdom for which we are to strive on earth and the kingdom that lies, above and independent of our efforts or failures, eternal in the heavens."

The book is an elaborate historical essay. It shows some lack of rigor in dealing with the gospels, but in the whole it is a strong and noble work which offers an illuminating interpretation of historic religion and by its ethical earnestness and profound insight it has not only learning but inspiration for all who seek to know and to enact a purpose for their life.

Meadville Theological School. F. A. CHRISTIE.

*Regnum Dei. Eight lectures on the Kingdom of God in the history of Christian Thought. By Archibald Robertson, D. D. The MacMillan Co., New York, 1901, pp. xix., 401.

Age and Courage.

The ivy is old—so old!
Its leaves are dusky and dry.
Next the root a pallor warns of death,
But the green tips seek the sky.

You are growing old, my friend!
Dusky vine, pallid root—sound heart!
While the soul draws life from cloud and clay
Still let the green leaves start.

—*Charles P. Cleaves.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The religious man is bound to be an optimist—not foolishly, but with the sober optimism which believes in "the steady gain of man."

MON.—That land is best governed where the door of opportunity stands wide open to the humblest of its citizens, so that no man can shut it.

TUES.—The saints of the past have been for the most part men who have fled from the world, but the saint of today is the man who can use the world.

WED.—Our self-discovery is but the answer of the soul to the continuous love of God.

THURS.—A church is a power-house for the development and transmission of the power that makes things go.

FRI.—Average capacities persistently used yield rich returns.

SAT.—It is only he who can be wholly self-controlled amid the triumphs of his Palm Sunday who can move on with equal self-control to the bearing of the cross with which that same week may close.

—*Francis G. Peabody.*

Foreign Lands.

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie
Adorned with flowers before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass,
The dusty roads go up and down,
With people trampling into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Earnestness.

"LIFE IS REAL, LIFE IS EARNEST."

Sings the poet. That life is real seems not to need any explanation, though there are people who live in a state of almost continuous delusion; but that it is earnest may not be understood by every one. For the school boy or school girl life is essentially a time for fun, except that par of it which they pass in school. They look forward to the time when there will be an end of schooling, and then, so they think and say, we shall be happy—we shall enjoy ourselves!

Many young people, and some that are old enough to know better, live as though there were no serious side to life. If they are compelled by poverty to work, they look upon work as the means to be merry when they get their weekly wages. If they have the means to be idle, they will cast about how to kill time by some fun or pleasure or other that they can buy with their money.

A little thought must satisfy any one that such a view of life cannot but leave the individual mentally poor and weak, for nothing is more self-evident than that it is only by constant exertion that any sort of strength is acquired and kept. We must use our limbs in order to learn how to swim and our brains in order to know how to think. In either case exercise is the absolute condition of success. Even if we aspire to a life of mere enjoyment we must cultivate in ourselves the capacity of enjoyment, that is, of human enjoyment. Not to do so would be to imitate the animal, and, indeed, it is unfortunately true that the enjoyments of thousands and thousands of men and women do not rise far above the range of the animal.

Hence, if we would be joyful as *human* beings we must exert ourselves, and how can we do so without earnestness?

Life and science teach us that no new material is created, that there is only *change* of material. If we would have an omelet we must break the eggs. If we intend to derive pleasure from the fine arts we must give our time, our efforts, to the cultivation of these arts; or if we do not aspire to arsists, we must at least devote time and energy to the training of our ears and eyes in order that we develop in us the capacity of enjoyment and appreciation.

It is so with everything else. "The gods demand a price for all their gifts" was an ancient Greek saying. There is nothing worth having for which we must not, one way or another, pay a price. And it follows that in order to be able to pay the price we must exert ourselves we must be *earnest.*

Your who are poor envy the rich in their carriages and splendid dinners. But your poverty makes you earnest in the pusuit of some work by means of which you can buy a humble dinner. You walk because you cannot afford to ride, and when you sit down to your plain meal you feel an appetite that the rich man cannot have as long as he prefers to take his exercise sitting still in a carriage and to spoil his digestion by pampering his meager appetite. The rich man may forego the advantages wealth gives, live plainly, exercise vigorously and thus secure an appetite for a good dinner, but unless he does so you in your poverty have more enjoyment than he. If you looked at it closely you will find the rule to be of universal application: If you would be truly glad you must first be truly earnest.

What is there worth having in this world of ours without earnestness? Earnestness means thoroughness. Look at the builders when they start a large and massive buildings; how deep they lay the foundations; how carefully they secure them, guarding against every accident from the shifting of the soil, the action of water or any other course that might interfere with absolute firmness and security. What an extreme earnestness is necessary for all this work. And it must be used all along while the process of building goes on, for any lack of it may lead to the injury, even the death, of some one, often of many.

And then look at the work of the architect who made the plans for that building. How many years of study he spent before he could be said to understand his business. And the same is true of every workman. They all must have spent years in close and earnest application before they could be intrusted with work on such a building.

Envy is such a common vice that we must expect to find it everywhere. Who has not heard envious remarks about rich men who have millions to give away? But if we inquire closely, How did these men get into the possession of all this wealth? we always get the answer that some one for many years worked more earnestly than others in one direction; that some one used his powers of observation and reflection more seriously and more persistently in some definite line of pursuit; that some one thus became more skilled in watching and taking advantage of opportunities which finally crowned all his previous efforts with a success that may often be out of proportion to his previous efforts but which is never due to good fortune alone.

Happy the boy or girl, the man or woman, who has a worthy aim and pursues it with all the earnestness of their nature. Even if they don't reach that aim, they

will be amply rewarded by the strength they gain in the endeavor and by the good that will accrue to them while they are at work and pushing on.

The opposite of earnestness is levity. How many people spoil their lives through levity! Whatever they do or see or hear interests them only in so far as it offers material for jesting. They are quickly found out, and such is human nature and its correct instinct that they very people who are amused by these trifles will be the most decided in their distrust of them, and the most ready to despise them.

To live means to struggle; but the struggle, the battle of life cannot be fought successfully by people who treat life and its great problems in a spirit of levity. As long as the sky is clear, the air still and balmy and the sea smooth like a glass, the helmsman may steer the ship in a merry mood. But night comes at last, the fogs descend, the wind rises and grows into a tempest! There is an end then of all light heartedness, of merry songs and funny anecdote! The most intense earnestness is now required, and every one on board knows this very well. It is so in the course of our lives. Changes will come, they never fail to come. Be the time of pleasure ever so long, there comes a time when hard work, hard thinking, careful planning, earnest application scarcely suffice to ward off incalculable misfortune of misery. It behooves every one to live and labor in such a way that when the critical time comes, he will be prepared to meet it with all the skill and energy that a long course of earnest training has given him.

Earnestness does not mean austereness or asceticism. Those hermits of the middle ages that wasted their lives in the desert or, maybe, on the narrow summit of a column; those fanatics of buddhism who direct all their energy to the work of deadening a part of their bodies, and all who resemble them ever so faintly,—none of them can be our models. There is a time to be merry and joy is the spring that makes the soul bound heavenward. But joy and pleasure are the only fruits of the tree, they are the outcome of the earnest work of brain and heart and hand, as fruit is the result of the action of the roots and branches and leaves of the tree.

But in order that earnestness may accomplish only that which is good and useful it must be directed by intelligence, and intelligence feeds on knowledge from which it derives its strength.

I once watched an immigrant cutting grass in the fashion which no doubt was correct enough in the land of his birth. It was not so much a cutting of grass as rather a chopping of it. He used his great strength with a remarkable persistency, no one could have been more earnest than he. A farmer of the neighborhood had also watched him. He went up to the newcomer, who did not understand his language, and taking the scythe out of his hands showed him how it ought to be swung and also how it ought to be sharpened. Then, with a few easy strokes he cut a swath of grass larger than what the foreigner had succeeded in hacking off with such vast expenditure of strength.

Thinking and observing are always necessary, and where they are joined with earnestness in action good and sometimes great results are sure to follow. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" was the maxim of one of our statesmen. To be sure that you are right requires knowledge and intelligence,—to go ahead is impossible without earnestness. C. A. EGGERT.

The Cup of Water.

The cup of water given to the poor—
To quench his thirst in common need,
Christ said—shall live for evermore;
Such is the worth of kindly deed!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE SOFTENED PRESBYTERIAN CREED.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at its recent session in New York did a very remarkable theological task—at last. It cut all the doctrinal rigor out of the Westminster Confession (i. e., out of the Presbyterian creed) without seeming to touch it. No shrewder piece of work was ever done since creeds began to be made, nor a more thorough. "A Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith" was adopted, "not as a substitute for an alternative of our Confession of Faith," but "to inform and enlighten the people." The old faith, therefore, stands for those who believe it and prefer it; but the new "Statement" may be accepted by those who prefer it. The new omits rather than contradicts the old; but the interpretation of it that nine men out of ten will make is that it is directly contradictory of the old faith. The new "Statement," therefore (under the present tendency towards theological liberality), will soon come to be generally received and interpreted as a practical denial of the old faith. Those who have been nurtured in a strong and positive creed, when they come to throw it off prefer a vague statement instead of a positive one; and for such vagueness the new "Statement" is a masterpiece; it means what you may wish it to mean.

For example, the old doctrine of Predestination is thus set forth in the Westminster Confession:

"* * * Some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death."

That is definite and positive. The new "Statement" says:

"We believe that God from the beginning in His own good pleasure, gave to His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service, and salvation; we believe that all who come to years of discretion can receive this salvation only through faith and repentance."

This omits the essence of the old doctrine. Yet no man who holds the old doctrine will violently dissent from it.

Again, the doctrine of the futility of good works without faith is thus set forth in the Westminster Confession:

"Works done by unregenerate men, although for the matter of them they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, yet * * * are sinful and cannot please God, or make a man meet to receive grace from God."

And thus (very differently) in the "Statement":

"We believe that God requires of every man to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God; and that only through this harmony with the will of God shall be fulfilled that brotherhood of man wherein the kingdom of God is to be made manifest."

The most important difference of all is the restatement (or the omission) of the doctrine of eternal punishment. The old article of faith is—

"For then shall the righteous go into everlasting life and receive that fulness of joy and refreshing which shall come from the presence of the Lord; but the wicked, who know not God and obey not the Gospel of Jesus Christ, shall be cast into eternal torments and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power."

The new "Statement" puts it thus:

"The wicked shall receive the eternal award of their sins, and the Lord will manifest the glory of His mercy in the salvation of His people and their entrance upon the full enjoyment of eternal life."

It is not rash to say that the doctrine of eternal punishment is thus practically eliminated from the Presbyterian creed. Yet men may hold that doctrine and remain Presbyterians. This whole "Statement" will soon come to have a

meaning to the church that would now be disputed by the "strict constructionists"; and its adoption is a revolutionary event in the doctrinal history of American Presbyterianism and a great triumph of theological liberality.—*From the World's Work.*

Vacation Notes.

THE A. L. A. CONFERENCE AND AFTERWARD.

My last hasty notes were written from Magnolia, Mass., in the midst of the annual conference of the American Library Association, and announced Mr. Carnegie's new and welcome departure in the way of library giving. From that very auspicious opening the conference moved on with ever growing interest and attendance to its close with a really brilliant evening session, followed by an informal dance on the evening of June 20. In point of attendance this gathering of the Association not merely broke all previous records, but left them completely out of sight. The long period that had elapsed since such a conference was held within the limits of New England—the Association met in Boston in 1879 and at Fabyans in the White Mountains in 1890—and the attractive and convenient location combined to swell the attendance of Eastern library workers to unheard of proportions. Many came for a day or a half-day who could not do more, and who under other conditions could not have attended at all. The number of library trustees and of publishers present was larger than ever before, and in looking over the register of attendance one was struck, too, with the large number of librarians' wives who graced the occasion. Last year the fact that the Association's enrolled membership had passed the 1,000 mark was hailed with satisfaction, but few dreamed that within a twelvemonth attendance at a single conference would reach that figure.

Aside from Mr. Carnegie's gift, there was no one subject or announcement of such pre-eminent interest and significance as the announcement of the Library of Congress printed cards last year, yet there was evidence of distinct advance in various lines and, notwithstanding the manifold outdoor attractions offered by our environment, nobody could accuse the Association of not being an earnest working body. From our arrival Monday evening to our departure Saturday morning only two afternoons were left free for excursions. For the rest sessions were held three times a day. Often three or four meetings were going on simultaneously and frequently these sectional meetings showed as large an attendance as the whole conference of a few years ago.

But with all this activity in the way of papers and discussions, time was found by many for walks and drives, trips to Gloucester and sailing parties. At the close of the conference organized trips were arranged to such historic towns as Concord, Lexington, Salem and Plymouth, while some forty odd members under the leadership of Gardner M. Jones, of Salem, the Association's long-time treasurer, took the boat for Bar Harbor, and a smaller number, not personally conducted, extended their wanderings to Nova Scotia and the Evangeline country.

It was with the Bar Harbor party that UNITY's correspondent cast in her lot, and right thoroughly seasick all were, the "worst June storm for thirty years" (according to the captain's statement) being their portion for the transit. Forlorn and bedraggled the little party filed up through the rain to the Newport House on Sunday afternoon, June 22. The ideal beauty of the next morning, with its refreshing breeze and cloudless sky, did much to revive the spirits and clear the cobwebs from seasick heads. Promptly at ten o'clock a line of the characteristic Bar Harbor vehicles, luxurious, springy buckboards, drew up before the door and in gayest holiday mood the whole party set off for the so-called ocean drive to the Otter Cliffs. For the next two or three hours every breath was a delight as we drove past beautiful homes, through wooded stretches or daisy-starred fields, coming out now to the unexpected beauty of Newport Cove, where the bluest of water was streaked with the whitest of foam from the yesterday's storm and the surf rolled in on the fine sandy beach or tossed itself high in air against the rocky barriers that guarded the cove on either hand. Cameras appeared in a twinkling and the best points were sought for fixing this enchanting combination of water, earth and sky, while many a sigh was heaved that after all the coloring must escape us.

Some further on a general descent from the buckboards was made to follow a woodland foot-path to the cliffs. Here the mosses and ferns, the profusion of bunchberry and, dearest of all, the exquisite little twin flower, *Liunaea borealis*, checked our steps, and many were the wishes expressed that these woodland treasures could be carried to distant homes successfully. The twin flower seemed an absolutely unfamiliar revelation of floral beauty to most of the party, and never have I seen, even in my own old home where it abounds, such mats and carpets of this dainty, pale-pink blossom as were to be found in the woods about Bar Harbor.

But I must not linger over this first drive. Refreshed and invigorated, we returned to the hotel for dinner and brief repose, and then scattered as inclination prompted for yachting or mountain climbing in the afternoon. Those who followed Mr. Jones to the summit of Newport Mountain and with the aid of map and fieldglasses studied the details of the beautiful panorama spread out before them, were more than repaid and declared they felt even fresher after the scramble than before. A party to Green Mountain the next day was not so fortunate. Ambition led them to undertake too much, and going without a guide they lost their way on the descent. Tired, scratched, bruised and soaked by frequent showers, they appeared without their teams about half past three in the afternoon at the hotel from which they departed so gaily and confidently at eight in the morning.

But no such contretemps marred that delightful Monday. That nothing might be wanting to the attractions of that perfect day, the picturesque "shore-path," skirting the broad, green lawns of fine estates and fringed on the water side by varying projections of rock and beach, offered the finest vantage point from which to watch the moon rise beyond distant Egg Rock light. Not till a late hour could we tear ourselves from the beauty of the scene and seek our pillows.

Early Wednesday afternoon we reluctantly took steamer again for the return trip, and sitting on the sunny side of the upper deck, in the shelter of the pilothouse, kept one another warm and enjoyed all the beauties of bay, island and headland along that famous Maine coast, of which Sunday's storm had so largely deprived us on the outward trip. Rockland was reached just after sundown, and there was no time to seek some refreshment more substantial, or at least warmer, than crackers and olives before the belated boat from Bangor arrived and we could settle ourselves in staterooms for the night. The remainder of the passage was rough and we found Boston almost as wet and dirty as Chicago. M. E. H.

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